

THE  
YOUNG QUAKER,

COMEDY;

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

N E W

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

YOUNG SADBOW,  
CHRONICLE,  
CAPTAIN AMBUSH,  
SPATTERDASH,  
SHADRACH,  
CLOD,  
OLD SADBOW,  
LOUNGE,  
MALACHI,  
COACHMAN,  
TWIG,  
1<sup>st</sup> WAITER,  
2<sup>d</sup> WAITER,  
GOLIAH,  
BAILIFF,  
SERVANT.



## W O M E N.

DINAH,  
LADY-ROUNCEVAL,  
MRS MILLEFLEUR,  
PINK,  
JUDITH,  
ARAMINTA.

THE  
YOUNG QUAKER.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Chamber, LOUNGE *discovered asleep on a Couch. Supper before him.*

JUDITH (*without.*)

MR Lounge—Mr Lounge—Aye, aye, his man is within here I suppose.

Spat. (*without,*) Then I'll tell him my message.

(*Bell rings.*)

Jud. Mr Lounge—hang the door and hang the bell too. (*Rings street door bell.*)

*Enter Spatterdash and Judith.*

Spat. Hey, what have we midnight here at noon day.

Jud. Ay a strange life this comrade of your master leads.

Spat. Ha, ha, ha! Lounge is fast asleep over his breakfast.

Jud. Breakfast, 'tis his supper, there has he slept over it from twelve o'clock last night, to this good twelve o'clock at noon day.

Spat. Oh then his master's not yet out of his bed I suppose.

Jud. I don't know whose bed he's in or out of, not I, what signifies your sneering so Mr Spatterdash—you know he has slept in no bed in this house, these five nights.

Spat. A good pleasant sort of a Quaker, Mrs Judy.

Jud. A Quaker d'ye call him? My mistress says he's a Muggletonian, (*Loud knocking.*) Do you hear Mr Lounge, are you asleep?

*Loun.* Yes sir. (*Spatterdash looks out of a window.*)

*Spat.* Odso this is Mr Sadboy come home in a hark.

*Jud.* Will you wake (*Shakes Lounge*) here's your master. Curse the man always upon a sophy. [*Exit.*]

*Spat.* Aye the master has been beating the rounds—A pretty Quaker—His father old Sadboy, as rich and as stiff as e'er a Puritan in Pennsylvania, sends my young Zachary here (*a careful pious youth*) over to England, to transact some money matters for their brethren in Philadelphia; but my master Captain Ambush, having fortunately been his fellow passenger from America, and companion since their arrival in London. Egad young Broad Brim to imitate the Captain, improves by rapid degrees into a man of Pleasure—has been already at two Plays, one Opera, three Concerts—nay bespoke his drefs for the Masquerade—bought a Hunter at Tattersal's—swallow'd an Jee at Weltgie's—had the left hand of a Phæton in Hyde Park—the back of a vis a-vis along *Pall-mall*—engag'd a Dancing and a Fencing master—takes of his hat to a noted Demirep—his yea is succeeded by zounds, and his nay is gentleman usher to a damme, ha, ha, ha! such a Quaker.

*Y. Sad.* (*without.*) Nay friend I will give thee no more.

*Spat.* And here the very gentleman comes.

*Enter Young Sadboy, Judith and Coachman.*

*Jud.* Such impudence, how dare you come up stairs, have people nothing else to do than to clean after such as you. (*To Coachman.*)

*Coach.* Why the Gentleman—

*Y. Sad.* Nay thou shalt have no more.

*Coach.* Why master my fare is eighteen-pence.

*Y. Sad.* Nay, thou say'st an untruth, and art full of guile.

*Coach.* Guile! No master, its good strong beer I've been drinking—

*Y. Sad.* Well friend hold thy beaver.

*Coach.* My beaver, ha, ha, ha!

*Y. Sad.*



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*Y. Sad.* I will give thee a crooked bit of silver, call'd a sixpence.

*Coach.* Why master?—

*Y. Sad.* Another word you rascal and I'll break your—friend depart in peace.

*Coach.* Damme but he's a frolicksome Quaker.

[*Exit.*

*Y. Sad.* O Spatterdash.

*Spat.* Sir my master's compliments, he's just up, and if you please, will breakfast in your apartment.

*Y. Sad.* When he cometh I am here. [*Exit* *Spat.* Damsel, were any folded papers left for me.

*Jud.* Sir.

*Y. Sad.* Letters.

*Jud.* Oh yes sir, the old gentleman Mr Chronicle desires you'll call upon him.

*Y. Sad.* I call upon him—if I do damme, (*sees Lounge*) my man sleepeth when he should watch, he deserveth many buffets, but 'tis not meet I smite this Holophernes myself—yea it shall be done by the hand of Judith, (*takes her hand and strikes Lounge on the face.*)

*Loun.* Your nightcap sir,—coming sir—yes sir—here sir—coming sir—

[*Exit.*

*Y. Sad.* Damsel, thou did'st strike him sore.

*Jud.* Yes, as my mistress says, this gentleman must be a Muggletonian.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Spatterdash.*

*Spat.* Sir, here's my master.

*Enter Captain Ambush.*

*Y. Sad.* Captain Ambush, I greet thee with a bongour.

*Amb.* Good morrow to your holiness—Spatterdash to your post.

[*Exit.* *Spat.*

*Y. Sad.* Oh, ho! the windows overlook the park—Mrs Pink thy Araminta's handmaid is fond of a morning walk; well, well.

*Amb.* Why I do expect the little rouge, there this morning, that's the truth on't—Hey! out all night Sad-boy, and here I was at home before one.

A 3

*Y. Sad.*

*Y. Sad.* Yes I did tarry, where thou did'st leave me.  
—O Captain such a delicious girl.

*Amb.* Ay, ay, I told you before we left America, that the beauties of London, wou'd soon make you forget your poor Dinah.

*Y. Sad.* Forget! Nay, though my father wou'd not suffer me to take Dinah Primrose to be the wife of my bosom, (because his father her old friend and partner in trade had gone off, and left her as it were an orphan on his hands) yet I cannot drive the damsel from my mind.  
—But what the devil would you have a young fellow like me do, my reason floating on burgundy, my heart melted with the wax candle of Love, and a thumping purse in my pocket, hey! (*Capers*) yea with the weight of much gold, was my pocket weigh'd down.

*Amb.* Oh Sadboy, my heart is light as a feather of cupid's wing, presently you'll see little Pink tripping up the Mall and slip me a letter, the words like delicious fruit upon a China dish, and serv'd by the white hand of Araminta.

*Y. Sad.* But 'tis certain thy uncle Lord Belville, will soon sleep with thy forefathers, and as thou wilt then have his titles, why still conceal thy name and quality from the maiden Araminta?

*Amb.* To prove her heart, as I would wish it pure and disinterested, did she know me to be Captain Ambush and next heir to the title and estate of Belville, I might suppose her mind capable of a sordid view; but her constant affection to me, in this assum'd character of poor Lieutenant Godfrey, banishes every doubt.

*Y. Sad.* Ay, I suppose, this was the reason, thou sojournest in these lodgings with me, rather than return to thy own house in Grosvenor street.

*Amb.* True, tho' I am enabled to redeem it from Shadrach the Jew, to whom I was oblig'd to mortgage it on my departure to America—Oh Sadboy, pray is not Chronicle the name of your American agent.

*Y. Sad.* Yea.

*Amb.* What's his character?

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*Y. Sad.* Character—who Chronicle—the most avaricious stingy old scoundrel, that ever imprison'd a yellow boy—I'll give you an instance—being ill t'other day, a bottle came from his Apothecary's, but the apprehension of his paying for it, banishes his sickness; and sooner than have it lost, he persuades his servant, that he did not look well, makes the poor fellow swallow the doze, and then stops it out of his wages.

*Amb.* Yes, 'tis the same. Think of that old fellow paying his addresses to my Araminta.

*Y. Sad.* Old Chronicle circumvent thee with thy Araminta! poh, poh.

*Enter Spatterdash.*

*Spat.* Sir, the gentleman's coming up the walk.

*Amb.* Then tell that gentleman, I'll be with him immediately, and d'ye hear Spatterdash.

*Spat.* Sir,

*Amb.* (*To Sadboy.*) Its time for me to enquire about my house in Grosvenor street, it seems Shadrach the Jew, has taken the liberty to let it during my absence.

*Y. Sad.* Peradventure, Shadrach has turn'd it into a synagogue.

*Amb.* (*To Spat.*) Step up to Grosvenor street, and bring me the person's name that now occupies my house.

[*Exit.*

*Spat.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Lounge.*

*Lounge.* Want me your honour?

*Y. Sad.* I did command the little one to bid the Coachman come unto me, but do thou desire him to take two horses out of the stable, and buckle them with leathern thongs unto the vehicle, with four wheels, and let them draw it to the porch of my dwelling.

*Lounge.* Sir! (*Starts.*)

*Y. Sad.* Zounds you rascal, order the Coach to the door.

[*Exit. Lounge following.*

*Enter Pink and Spatterdash.*

*Pink.* But did you tell him what a hurry I was in.

*Spat.*

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*Spat.* I did my duck, and he'll be here presently my chicken.

*Pink.* Have done with your ducks and your chickens, where is he I say? I have a letter for him.

*Spat.* From your mistress Araminta?—let me kiss the dear hand.

*Pink.* You?—

*Spat.* Only as proxy for my master.

*Pink.* Kiss a lady's hand, and another lady's lips in company! Oh, you're a pretty proxy for a Captain in love!—Lord if my old lady misses me—I protest I must run home again.

*Spat.* Oh, you mercenary baggage—I guess the cause of your hurry to see my master, you slip a letter into his hands, and he slips half a guinea into your's.

*Pink.* Thank you for that—Captains are not so ready with their half guineas I promise you.

*Spat.* True Mrs Pink, my master and I are return'd from the wars, without either a gold chain or a wooden leg.

*Pink.* Yes, you're a pair of poor devils, I believe, but likings all, for Miss Araminta would have your master if she was a general's daughter, and he a little drummer boy.—I don't know it will be tho' for her mother insists she shall marry this Mr Chronicle the rich old stock broker.

*Spat.* A rich rival! then we must set our bras against his gold, Mrs Pink—

*Pink.* Yes if Bras could do the work, I read success in your forehead Mr Spatterdash, but now I stand prating here—what keeps this plague Captain Godfrey so—

*Spat.* Captain.—Master's only a Lieutenant Mrs Pink.

*Pink.* Well well, Lieutenant, Ensign, every one of them that mount a bit of scarlet, and eighteen penny worth of black ribbon in his hat, must of course be a Captain Oh! they are great officers to be sure.

*Spat.* Yes, yes we are prodigious great officers to be.—

*Enter Ambush.*

*Am.* March firrah. (*Exit Spat.*)—Well Mrs Pink.

*Pink.*



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*Pink.* Lord sir, here have I waited ever so long.

*Amb.* A thousand pardons my dear.

*Pink.* A letter from my young lady sir.

*Am.* (*Reads.*) Godfrey——so she has not discover'd yet, that I am Captain Ambush, and yet signs herself my Araminta.——Oh my sweet Pink. (*Kisses her.*)

*Pink.* For shame, sir!

*Am.* (*Reads.*) Mama insists that I shall stay at home this evening, to entertain this odious Mr Chronicle, how unlucky!

*Pink.* True indeed sir, and you can't think how vex't my poor young Lady is, to be disappointed of your agreeable company.

*Am.* I Shou'd have ask'd Saddboy.——Pink do you know where this Mr Chronicle lives.

*Pink.* Oh, sir, he has a fine house in Grosvenor Street.

*Amb.* Grosvenor Street.——an odd place for a stock broker.

*Pink.* True sir, and such a stingy miserable old devil too, but he's just crept out of some dirty hole about the Royal Exchange, since he began to court Araminta, and so sets up for a great gentleman.——but you can't think what a great favourite he is of my old lady's, because he made all his money in business, she imagines marrying her daughter to him is only putting her money out to use, and that she can soon call it in again with interest as Mr Chronicle has not long to keep even his own Money, from those that have a heart to spend it.

*Enter Spatterdash.*

*Spat.* Sir its one Mr Chronicle, that lives in your house in Grosvenor Street (*to Ambush.*)

*Am.* My very rival—Gad this is pleasant enough—I hope Saddboy's not gone out yet (*going.*)

*Pink.* Sir, sir, Mr Godfrey, my young lady will expect an answer to her letter.

*Amb.* Answer!—Oh I'll answer it.

*Pink.* Lord sir, she's so impatient and so particular—  
give



give me some *token* that you receiv'd it, and perhaps that may satisfy her.

*Amb.* Token—by this token (*Kisses her.*)—That's all. [Exit.

*Pink.* That's all, then if that's all its bad enough—Poor Spatterdash has nothing else to give therefore a Kifs from him.

*Spat.* You are welcome too. (*Kisses her.*)

*Pink.* Marry hang you, you have taken the Captain's *token* back again.—But I despise such *tokens*. No, no, give me a little round half guinea, and keep such *tokens* for my Mistress that's the way to please us both.—However my little Captain, if you always fight so, I'll ensure you the Victory in the field of Love.

[Exit *Pink.* and *Spat.*

SCENE, a Chamber at *Lady ROUNCEVAL's*.

Enter *Lady ROUNCEVAL* and *ARAMINTA*.

*Ara.* Indeed madam I cannot.

*L. Roun.* Cannot, *Araminta*! Oh I wish your dear father was alive, you would not have said such a thing to sir Ralph Rounceval.

*Ara.* True madam, but my father never enjoin'd me to any thing contrary to my own inclinations.

*L. Roun.* Ay, ay, this is the effect of indulgence.

*Ara.* But madam it is so rude to break an engagement.

*L. Roun.* And pray Miss who is this to whom you have made this very solemn engagement.

*Ara.* Ma'am 'tis a, a, a young lady I promis'd to go to church with.

*L. Roun.* No, *Araminta*, its a young gentleman you want to go to church with.

*Ara.* Well ma'am better to church with a young gentleman, than an *old* gentleman.

*L. Roun.* Ay that poor, paltry, pitiful Lieutenant Godfrey, I suppose.

*Ara.* Nay madam don't say that.—*He's such a charming fellow*, and tho' he's not rich, my fortune with a little

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little content to eke it out, is sufficient for two fond hearts who are resolv'd to be happy in rain or sunshine.

*L. Roun.* Your fortune! Ay, this is the consequence of your Uncle's folly in leaving it to your own disposal.

*Ara.* Oh bless his memory, he was a dear little old man for that.

*L. Roun.* So then you are determin'd to reject Mr Chronicle.

*Ara.* Pan is old musty, stiff and fusty, sour and crusty.

*L. Roun.* And will you listen to this Lieut. Godfrey.

*Ara.* Poll is blithe and merry, light and airy, as a fairy.

*L. Roun.* Araminta, I insist upon your staying at home, to entertain Mr Chronicle.

*Ara.* Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd.

*L. Roun.* Answer me with ridiculous songs, is this the duty, that's due from a child to a parent.

*Ara.* Madam, my heart was ever sway'd by duty, but when you'd sacrifice me to age and avarice, I must own duty gives way to inclination, and while gratitude thanks you for your past care, prudence—prudence bids me be henceforth the guardian of my own happiness.

*Enter Pink.*

*Pink.* Miss Araminta I—plague on't my old lady here, what shall I do——

*L. Roun.* Pray where have you been gadding—what have you been about——

*Pink.* Why madam, I've been about——about the town madam.

*L. Roun.* About the town, Hussy.

*Ara.* But where?

*Pink.* Lord miss you know—to meet Mr Godfrey in the park ma'am. [*Aside.*

*Ara.* True, well.

*Pink.* I've given him your letter ma'am. [*Aside.*

*L. Roun.* Been with letters, have you?

*Pink.* What letters my lady.

*L. Roun.* Answer me.

*Ara.*

*Ara.* Give me the answer.

*Pink.* I've no answer miss.

*L. Roun.* What carried you out.

*Ara.* Has Mr Godfrey sent no answer to my letter.

*Pink.* Not a line.

*Ara.* Unkind!—I'll not see him this evening.—

Madam upon second thoughts I believe I shall stay at home, and as you seem to wish it, I've no objections to Mr Chronicle's company.

*L. Roun.* That's my dear good Araminta—what a capricious child, attend me in my dressing-room, good Mrs letter carrier—Now child I beseech you, when Mr Chronicle comes, receive him with good humour—none can be so pleasant as you when you please—Ah that sweet smile, the dimple at the corner of the mouth—recalls—ay exactly Sir Ralph Rounceval. *[Exit.]*

*Ara.* Send me no answer! then banish guile from my mind, *(sings.)*

*Pink.* Lord Miss, how cou'd you betray a body so? did I think that you'd up and tell my lady that I carried your love letters.

*Ara.* Betray, has not my Uncle left me an independent fortune.

*Pink.* Yes ma'am, but your Uncle has left me no independent fortune.

*Ara.* But, tell me, did my Godfrey send no little note, no message, no token of love.

*Pink.* Yes ma'am, he did give me a token.

*Ara.* Where is it?

*Pink.* I must not tell her it was a kiss. *[Aside.]*

*Ara.* Quick, quick.

*Pink.* Ay ma'am, his man Spatterdash took it from me.

*Ara.* How vexatious, impertinent fellow, his master shall cane him—Oh, but perhaps in hopes of a reward he took it from you, that he might give it me himself.

*Pink.* Give it you himself, ha, ha, ha! nay then his master wou'd cane him in good earnest, *(Bell rings,)* oh dear, that's my dreadful summons, *(going.)*

*Ara.*

*Ara.* Pink, Pink, what was it?

*Pink.* Why ma'am, it was—(*Bell rings*)—Bless me, I shall get it on both sides of my ears. [*Exit running.*]

*Ara.* I do long for this token from my dear Godfrey, what can it be? I wish I could see his man. (*Retires.*)

*Enter Spatterdash.*

*Spat.* Where is this little rogue Pink, gad I've ventur'd after her, within the enemies lines—if Miss Araminta sees me, I came with a message from my master—that's a sure welcome, but if I'm known by Lady Roundceval. I'm tuck'd up as a spy upon the next tree.

*Ara.* Oh! as I live, here is the very person, sir I suppose Mr Godfrey is well.

*Spat.* Godfrey—hang it, I always forget my master's name, (*Aside.*) Oh! very well, madam, and at your service to command, (*bows.*)

*Ara.* Oh, I suppose you came with that.

*Spat.* Madam I.

*Ara.* Well, I'm much oblig'd to you.

*Spat.* Now for what is she oblig'd to me. [*Aside.*]

*Ara.* I hope sir, you have brought it.

*Spat.* Brought it!

*Ara.* How teasing! haven't you something for me.

*Spat.* Madam I—what does she mean? [*Aside.*]

*Ara.* I see the perquisite must come first—(*gives money*) something for your trouble, sir.

*Spat.* Very much oblig'd to you madam, but its no trouble at all.

*Ara.* It won't be so well, if my mama sees you, so give it me.

*Spat.* What madam?

*Ara.* Psha! the token.

*Spat.* What token miss?

*Ara.* Why, that your master gave my maid, and that you took from her.

*Spat.* Token that I took from Pink—Gad it must be the kiss she means. [*Aside.*]

*Ara.* Give it me quick, mama is coming.

*Spat.* Yes, 'tis the kiss she means. [*Aside.*]

B

*Ara.*



*Ara.* Come, come, give it me.

*Spat.* Madam, I fear, if I—

*Ara.* What's the man afraid of? let me have it.

*Spat.* By the Lord, I've a great mind—but if my master—

*Ara.* How provoking!—Come, come, quick.

*Spat.* Nay then, if it brings me to the halberts, here goes—(*Offers to kiss her, she screams.*)

*Enter Lady Rounceval and Pink.*

*L. Roun.* Heavens! what's the matter?

*Ara.* An impudent fellow.

*Pink.* I fancy that Spatterdash was going to give her the token.

*L. Roun.* Who is he?—What brought him here?  
—What did he do?

*Ara.* Do!

*L. Roun.* Who are you man?

*Spat.* Madam I am—Oh, Mrs Pink there knows who I am very well.

*Pink.* Me, my lady, I never saw the fellow before in all my life.

*Spat.* Never saw me!

*Ara.* She must not know its Mr Godfrey's man—  
(*Aside*) Oh, madam, this is Mr Chronicle's servant.

*Spat.* So, the mistress tells lies as fast as the maid.

*Pink.* Say you belong to Mr Chronicle, if you have any hopes of forgiveness.

*L. Roun.* Mr Chronicle's servant—but what made you scream, Araminta?

*Ara.* Madam, every thing that belongs to Mr Chronicle, is enough to make one scream. The squirrel, you know, he gave me the other day, I took for a rat.

*L. Roun.* Pooh, stuff! any message from Mr Chronicle Sir?

*Spat.* Yes, ma'am, his compliments, and—what shall I say Pink.

*Pink.* Give the old lady the token, she'll like it.

*Spat.*



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*Spat.* Curse you—Ma'm, he desires you'll mind the engagement.

*Pink.* For this evening.

*Spat.* Yes, madam, and he expects your company at his house this evening.

*Pink.* Psha, blockhead. [*Aside.*

*L. Roun.* Expect me at his house—why he's engag'd here at my house this evening, here's some mistake.

*Spat.* Mistake, pray ma'am, an't you lady Rounceval.

*L. Roun.* Yes, but I mean you must have mistook your message.

*Pink.* Insist that you are right. (*To Spatterdash.*)

*Spat.* Oh, madam, I insist that I am right.

*L. Roun.* Well this is very strange, I protest, for I expected that we were to have his company this evening, instead of us to visit him.

*Ara.* Well ma'am, you see its no such thing.

*Spat.* No ma'am, you see its no such thing.

*L. Roun.* Well then, I must order matters accordingly. Our compliments to your master, and we shall do ourselves the honour of waiting on him. [*Exit.*

*Ara.* Oh, charming! this visit of ours will put the old miser into such a delicious confusion, how I shall enjoy it—Run to Mr Chronicle my good man.—Heavens! I forget the fellow's insolent freedom.

*Spat.* Why don't you explain this affair to your mistress, (*to Pink*)

*Pink.* Here's poor Spatterdash, madam, I ask your pardon, but since I must own it, the *token* the Captain gave me was a kiss.

*Ara.* A kiss! then pray sir, desire your master to give his *tokens* himself, in future.

*Spat.* I shall madam.—But I hope you won't tell my master.

*Ara.* No, upon my honour—Oh, but upon conditions—you know Mr Chronicle's in Grosvenor street.

*Spat.* Yes, madam.

*Ara.* Run there, I'll write a card which you shall carry, but mind that you say that you belong to my mama.

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*Spat.* Madam, I'll belong to the Great Mogul, to serve you. *[Exit.]*

*Ara.* Come Pink—attend me to my Toilette—this old avaricious hunk—I fancy it will be the first instance of a lover's being distress'd, by a visit from his mistress. *[Exit.]*

*Pink.* Yes madam, but I fear you'll lose a lover by it, for if Mr Chronicle gives an entertainment to night, he'll certainly hang himself to morrow. *[Exit.]*

A C T II.

SCENE, An Apartment in CAPTAIN AMBUSH'S House as occupied by Mr CHRONICLE.

*Enter TWIG and CLOD.*

TWIG.

**A**Y, ay, here you are fix'd my boy,—I go out and you come, I wish you joy of my place.

*Clod.* Joy, ecod you give me cold comfort—but ben't you sorry to quit Mr Chronicle's service.

*Twig.* Sorry! I'm very glad—why every year since he purchas'd this estate, in Norfolk, has he inveigled a lad up to town, from one of his tenants, by way of servant, and when he has starv'd him down to my size, finding they'll bear hunger no longer, he supplies their place, with a plump, well fed fellow, like yourself.

*Clod.* Starve, and live in such a fine house.

*Twig.* This house! Lord its none of his.

*Clod.* No!

*Twig.* No.

*Clod.* So then, this is my purfament, to be sarving-man, to a stingy curmudgeon howsomdever, as he is going to be married, things may take a better turn, and since I am come up to town for a sarvice, I won't go back again with my finger in my mouth.

*Chron.*

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*Chron.* (*without.*) Where's my new servant Clod?

*Twig.* There's the old rascal, don't you hear.

*Clod.* Yes sir, yes I'm here waiting upon your honour.

*Twig.* I'll get into my own cloaths, and leave my livery for you, my boy.

[*Exit Twig and Clod.*

*Enter Chronicle.*

*Chron.* Where are you young man? 'tis time I was near dress'd for my visit at Lady Rounceval's, every moment that I stay is an injury to my sweet Araminta.—lets see, my buckles look dull, but cleaning wears the silver. I'll not put on my cloaths, till just stepping out of door, the lace tarnishes so soon.—Is my old servant Twig gone?

*Enter Twig dress'd in a large suit of plain cloaths*

*Twig.* No sir, but I'm going.

*Chron.* Is my new servant Clod come——

*Enter Clod dress'd in Twig's livery.*

*Clod.* Yes sir, I be come.

*Chron.* Twig, you'll tell your friends, how well you've liv'd with me.

*Twig.* Ay, sir they'll see that by these cloaths I had coming into your service.

*Clod.* Ecod sir, these cloaths must be let out, or I shall burst un.

*Chron.* No, no, we'll have you taken in, they'll be easy enough in a few days. If a servant comes to me clumsy as an elephant, I send him away as nice as an antelope.

*Twig.* Well farewell, your honour, now I go in pursuit of fortune.

[*Exit Twig.*

*Chron.* Ay, ay, you'll soon catch her; you dog, your in fine running order.—Well, Clod, do you think you can attend me.

*Clod.* Yes, sir, yes, I shall soon make a choice *valley de shamble.*

*Chron.* Well, let's see, here, tie this cravat.

*Clod.* Yes, sir, ha, ha, ha!

*Chron.* What do you laugh at, Sirrah?

*Clod.* Ha, ha, ha! at you sir, don't be angry, its only at you.

*Chron.* At me, you rascal!

*Clod.* Yes, sir, yes, he, he, he!—Ecod your honour's head in that wig, puts me in mind of the white lyon in our village.

*Chron.* White lyon!—get along you rascal. (*Knocking.*) See who's that?

*Clod.* Yes, sir, yes, ha, ha, ha!—the old white lyon for all the world. [*Exit Clod.*]

*Chron.* Oh, you are the devil of a valet, to be sure.

*Enter Clod with a letter.*

*Clod.* The postman brought that fir, but he did'nt wait for an answer. [*Exit Clod.*]

*Chron.* From Shadrach, (*reads*) 'My good Primrose, now why the deuce will he address me by my name of Primrose, if this letter shou'd fall into young Saddboy's hands, I'm discover'd to be his father's old American partner; then they may come slap upon me for the cash I was deficient, and all the expence of my daughter's keeping there these twelve years past. (*Reads*) 'I hear you have been enquiring for me, request you will give me a call, at the Swan and two Teeks, Nad-lane, as in my journey from Plymouth, I have made an acquaintance with a pretty girl, my fellow traveller, in the Diligence, and am resolv'd not to lose sight of her, till she makes me happy—Shadrach Boaz.' Well I must run to my little Hebrew, or he'll give up the mortgage to Captain Ambush, and I shall be turn'd out of this house, before my marriage with Araminta is consummated. Ah, how unlucky, that this little villain shou'd be so deep in my private affairs, he has such a hank upon me. Where are you boy?

*Enter Clod.*

*Clod.* Here's poor Clod.

*Chron.* Poor! Egad I think you are fat Clod, its as good



THE YOUNG QUAKER. 19

good as a bad dinner to look at you.—You'll save me half a muffle every morning, by standing before me at breakfast. (*Knocking.*)

*Clod.* Hav'nt I to open the door now too?

*Chron.* To be sure you have, you dog.

*Clod.* Oh, very well, I know I was and that was the reason I ask'd. [*Exit.*]

*Chron.* Ah! this fellow will take a great deal of time fasting, to bring him down to Twig!

*Enter Captain Ambush and Saddboy.*

Ah my Prince of Puritans—Captain Ambush you're welcome to your own house

*Amb.* I thank you sir, but pray what gave you possession of my house?

*Chron.* That which gives possession of every thing, gold—'twas I that advanc'd the last money which Shadrach paid you upon the mortgage.

*Amb.* But now I'm able to redeem it, produce the instrument and the money's ready.

*Chron.* Why ready money's a good thing to be sure—but I can't take it you know; the mortgage was made in Shadrach's name.

*Amb.* And where is Shadrach?

*Chron.* How can I tell—perhaps he's in Lisle or Spa, or Hamburgh or Bleffom's Inn; you know he's a wandering Jew.

*T. Sad.* Friend Chronicle, thy hand.

*Chron.* My hand, there.

*T. Sad.* (*Shakes it three times*)—Damn you and Shadrach.

*Chron.* What now?

*T. Sad.* Yes, I did hear a pretty young man say so just now, and I resolv'd to tell thee, lest thou become a *nay-word* in the mouths of thy neighbours.

*Chron.* I don't care a pinch of snuff for my neighbours, why do you tell me of my neighbours, go along both of you, I don't know what you want.

*T.*



## THE YOUNG QUAKER.

*Y. Sad.* Would'st turn a gentleman out of his own house?

*Chron.* Yes, I would, Captain march out of your own house.

*Y. Sad.* (*To Captain*) Friend I would not promote strife, but was I a Captain, instead of a Quaker, I wou'd kick *that man*, yea verily I would kick him hard:

*Chron.* Kick me—mind I do no more business for you young Abednego.

*Y. Sad.* No—then damme I'll settle my affairs myself.

*Chron.* Ay, that you will, and soon too, the way you go on—Oh I wish your father old Zachary was to see you.

*Y. Sad.* Zounds, Captain, I wish I could see you once a lord, and in your own house here, a charming room this for a ball.—A hey, old Chronicle, you should cross over and figure in. (*pulls Chronicle about.*)

*Chron.* I desire you'll figure out.

*Enter Clod.*

*Clod.* Here's a person below in a red coat has a message from one Miss Hariminturs.

*Chron.* Araminta you blockhead—bid him send it up.

*Clod.* What!

*Chron.* Why his message, boobey!

*Clod.* I don't know what you call a message here, but he has got a little square bit of Pasteboard in his hand with writing upon it, and so, says he, that's what he said. [*Exit.*]

*Chron.* Ay, that fellow's too fat to do any good these three weeks.

*Enter Clod and Spatterdash.*

*Clod.* Sir, that's my master in the great wig.

*Chron.* Do you belong to Lady Rounceval?

*Clod.* Yes, sir, he said he belong'd to Lady Rouncefool.

*Chron.* Retire, rascal.

*Clod.* Nan'.

*Chron.* Leave the room.

*Clod.*

# THE YOUNG QUAKER.

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*Chd.* Oh! the Auld White Lyon—he, he, he. [*Exit.*]

*T. Sad.* Thy man, Spatterdash.

*Spat.* My master here! [*Aside.*]

*Amb.* What are you about here, firrah?

*Chron.* What is he about—let me tell you, Captain, this is not like a gentleman, to abuse any lady's servant that comes to me.

*Amb.* Servant, why this is my——

*Spat.* Yes Sir, to abuse me when I come by that Lady's desire, to bring about an interview with the gentleman she loves. [*Spat. during this speech, makes signs to the Captain*]

*Chron.* Ay, fir, with the gentleman she loves; this is a mighty pretty spoken young man, and I'll give him— No I haven't a sixpence about me. (*Reads.*) "Lady Rounceval presents her compliments to Mr Chronicle, and in compliance with Araminta's desire of seeing his house, she shall do herself the honour of paying him a visit this evening, instead of the happiness she hop'd for in receiving him at her's."

*Amb.* (*To Spat.*) Wait for me at Mrs Milleflour's.

[*Exit. Spat.*]

*Chron.* Come here this evening! Oh the devil! the devil! the devil!

*T. Sad.* What is the matter, friend Chronicle?

*Chron.* Why female caprice is the matter; dissipation and ruin is the matter! here when I thought I had nothing to do but go to Lady Rounceval's without a shilling expence, for I should have walk'd there in my galoshes, some whimsical devil has put it into Araminta's head, that she must come rattling up here to my house, forsooth!

*Amb.* My house, if you please.

*Chron.* I do please, take it, I give it up: I'll directly make Shadrach give you up the mortgage, and I'll back to Aldermanbury: No more Grosvenor-streets for me.

*T. Sad.* What not entertain the angel Araminta.— Oh thou wrinkled reprobate.

*Amb.*

## THE YOUNG QUAKER.

*Amb.* As the ladies design you the honour of a visit, Mr Chronicle, I don't see how you can get off.

*Chron.* What the devil brought me on—Pray what will tea for three and a little bit of supper cost.

*Amb.* Three! why we'll be of the party.

*T. Sad.* Yea, we will.

*Chron.* Nay, you won't.

*T. Sad.* I'll lay you five guineas of that.

*Chron.* Five guineas, egad I'll take him up—that wou'd buy all.

*T. Sad.* (To the Captain.) Let us try if his avarice won't make him introduce his rival to his mistress.—

Why Chronicle, Captain Ambush shou'd stand the expence, you know its in my house.

*Chron.* Gad and so it is—Captain do you like a brisk Widow—If you do, egad Lady Rouncival's a choice old girl. I'll introduce you to her this evening.—Tho' you're soon to be a lord, a good jointure's no harm now I'll tell you what, this is, you're a worthy man—I'll let you be at the whole expence of this entertainment—Is'nt genteel of me? hey Reuben.—

*T. Sad.* True, Captain, consider in your own house.—

*Chron.* Right, what a scandal for any body to be at expence under your own roof.

*Amb.* Mine, why you wou'd have turn'd me out just now.—

*Chron.* Not I, pay the mortgage, and come in here to-morrow night, and I'll be content with your lodgings at Mrs Millefleur's.

*Amb.* What throw away my money to entertain your intended wife—No, no; I don't mind a few guineas, but in this you must excuse me.

*Chron.* Then you wont lay out.

*Amb.* Not a shilling.

*Chron.* No—why then tho' you wear the King's cloth you are a rank coward.

*Amb.* How coward, sir?

*Chron.* Yes you're affraid to give a bit of supper to any body.

*Amb.*

# THE YOUNG QUAKER.

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*Amb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well then to avoid the heaviest imputation on a soldier, I will be at the expence of this evening.

*T. Sad.* There's a valiant Captain for you.

*Chron.* Captain, a generalissimo.

*T. Sad.* (*To Chron.*) The coward was a good hint.

*Chron.* Capital,—there I touch'd the Captain—Zounds, what a treat he'll make, the things he'll lay in, will keep my family these three weeks.

*Amb.* Well, I'll go and give orders for the entertainment. [*Exit.*]

*Chron.* Do so, and I'll trot to Lad-lane to meet Shadrach.

*T. Sad.* Well, Chronicle, this is a test of human goodness, in vain thou didst offer love and interest, but honour is a spring that actuates every English soldier, hey, old Chronicle, isn't the Captain a brave fellow?

*Chron.* Brave, he's the soul of a Wolf in the body of an Elliot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A Parlour at an Inn, Table and two Chairs.

*Enter two WAITERS, meeting.*

1st WAITER.

Who's come in that Plymouth Diligence.

2d Wait. (*Laying down a small trunk*) A young Quaker looking girl, a Jew and a Navy Officer—They have been robb'd it seems, coming to town, O here's the Jew. (*Bell rings.*)

1st Wait. Coming sir, coming. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Shadrach with a portmanteau.*

2d Wait. This way, your honour, if you please I'll take care of your portmanteau.

*Shad.* No I will take care myself, too much to be robb'd twice in vone day.

*Enter a Man with a large trunk.*

*Shad.* Oh, you have brought my new trunk, put it down Waiter, did the Porter take away my letter?

2d.



*2d Wait.* O yes, sir, and is return'd.

*Shad.* If an oldish gentleman, one Mr Chronicle asks, for me, send him this way.

*2d Wait.* Your name, pray Sir.

*Shad.* Shadrach Boaz.

*2d Wait.* Very well sir.

*Shad.* And mind the young woman that came in the Diligence, show her this way.

*2d Wait.* I will sir. [Exit.]

*Shad.* I am much in love with this pretty American Quaker girl, but she's so confounded modest—from the little I cou'd pick up, she knows nobody here in town, Ecod, on second thoughts, our being robb'd on the way, was a good ting—Now she'll be poor, and a young woman without money in London, must be very honest indeed, if she'll stick at any ting to get it—stay, this is her trunk, pity she's so much left—I fear dis trunk is my rival—st-y, nobody's coming; I'll tear off de direction for fear—hey what's this—Dinah Primrose, zounds this certainly must be old Chronicle's daughter—I must get it away before she comes—I must be quick, (*throws it into the great trunk.*) Oh dear, where's de poor young woman's trunk gone—Oh some rogue has got it—some villain has cut it from behind the Dilly—and now she is left vidout any ting in the vide vorld—yes dat will do; dis vay I shall have her, and if she is my friend Chronicle's daughter, I vil have a handsome fortune before I marry her. But here, she comes, how dismal and how pretty she looks. (*Enter Dinah*) Well miss how do you find yourself, after your little refreshment!

*Din.* But indifferent.

*Shad.* Ay, not recover'd the fatigue of your sea voyage—a long trip from America love—tell me miss, is dere any dat I can do for you, as I know de town, and you seem to be a stranger.

*Din.* I am a stranger.

*Shad.* You have been very shy, during our journey from Plymouth—but you wou'd place more confidence

## THE YOUNG QUAKER.

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in me, if you knew vat an honest man vas—do tell me  
miss, are you come over to England, to your friends.

*Din.* I have no friends.

*Shad.* I am glad of dat (*aside.*)—Oh dear, dat is a  
great pity, but I am sure, you have one friend, and dat  
is myself.

*Din.* This seemeth a righteous man, though a Jew,  
(*Aside.*)

*Shad.* And you was brought up in America.

*Din.* Yea, my father by a run of cross accidents,  
thought it expedient to return to London, leaving me  
then an infant to the care of Mr Sadboy, a wealthy  
Quaker in Philadelphia.

*Shad.* Sadboy in America—what is your name?

*Din.* Dinah Primrose.

*Shad.* Yes, yes, 'tis she—where are your parents my  
life?

*Din.* I hear, my father is in England.

*Shad.* And his name Primrose.

*Din.* Yea.

*Shad.* She doesn't know he hath chang'd it to Chro-  
nicle—No she'll never find him out—Shou'd you  
know your father my sweet one.

*Din.* Nay, 'tis so long since I saw him, every idea  
of his person is fled from my memory.

*Shad.* Dat's good, have you any moneys?

*Din.* Nay, the man that stopp'd our carriage, did  
leave none.

*Shad.* I am glad of dat—Ay and the damn'd rogue,  
did take all mine, except fifty guineas, dat I put in my  
wig—Ay, no staying at an Inn without money.

*Din.* And where to go, I know not.

*Shad.* If you vil go with me miss, I shall take a  
pretty little lodging for you.

*Din.* Friend I thank thee.

*Shad.* And I will give you a draft for a little moneys  
upon Mr Bulrush, the form of our house in the old Jew-  
ry, till you can find your father.

*Din.* If not—heaven repay the kind benevolence.

C *Shad.*

*Shad.* We must try to get some snug neat reputable place—Mifs you must be very wary, this is a very wicked town—I know all de wickedness of this town, and so many snares, laid to seduce such beautiful sweet innocent lovely young girls as yourself—Yes I shall have her—Mifs have you any luggage?

*Din.* I have a small trunk.

*Shad.* Indeed you have not.

[*Aside.*

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Sir, one Mr Chronicle enquires for you.

*Chron.* (*without.*) Where's my friend Shadrach?

*Shad.* Mifs, you had best step into the next room.

*Enter Chronicle.*

*Chron.* Ah! welcome to town, Shadrach—servant ma'am, Shadrach is that the love affair.

*Shad.* Yes, dat's de goods.

*Chron.* A fine girl, faith.

*Din.* (*To the Waiter.*) Bring my portmanteau to my room, it has Dinah Primrose written on it.

*Chron.* Dinah Primrose, sure this can't be my—  
(*astonish'd*)

*Shad.* Mifs, step into the next room, and I will fetch your—(*Puts Dinah out.*)

*Chron.* Hold, stop!

*Shad.* Be quiet!

*Chron.* Didn't she mention Dinah Primrose?

*Shad.* Yes she did, sit down.

*Wait.* Portmanteau, I see no Portmanteau—not I.

[*Exit.*

*Chron.* But I say.

*Shad.* I say be quiet—'tis very odd you can't be quiet; sit down I say, you know I'm a man capable of what you call friendship.

*Chron.* Yes, you're a friendly fellow enough, in your way.

*Shad.* I will prove myself your friend.

*Chron.* Do.

*Shad.* You saw dat young ting dat vent out.

*Chron.* What the goods!

*Shad.*

*Shad.* Yes, damn'd bad goods—A great rogue

*Chron.* Indeed, how? where?

*Shad.* At Plymouth.

*Chron.* At Plymouth—well

*Shad.* In conversation vid some of de good natur'd girls, that watches where de ships are paid off—you know my way, I always listen.

*Chron.* Yes, I know you do—didn't, she call herself Primrose.—Dinah Primrose.

*Shad.* She does, she does—I overheard the scheme, she knows all about your dealings with old Sadboy the Quaker in Philadelphia—she comes from Philadelphia.

*Chron.* The devil she does!

*Shad.* Yes, and your having a daughter in his care, that you haven't seen these twelve years, and she's come to London to try to pass herself upon you for your daughter, I was shock'd at her villainy.

*Chron.* I dare say you was.

*Shad.* Yes I was—so when I did make love to her, in the Dilly,—you know my way—I told her I overheard all her wickedness, and that I did know you.

*Chron.* Then she was shock'd I suppose.

*Shad.* No, indeed she was not—directly she find I was your friend—she proposes dat I should assist in de plot, and if we had good luck I should marry her.

*Chron.* And so you sent for—

*Shad.* For you to give your consent, and den I shall have all dat I vant, you know.

*Chron.* (*rising.*) Oh, ho!

*Shad.* Where are yon going?

*Chron.* For a couple of constables—I'll have her secur'd.

*Shad.* Pooh, pooh, sit down.

*Chron.* What an impostor—a harlot to think to put such a trick upon me.

*Shad.* Why! a'nt I in the plot.

*Chron.* Yes, and the devil a bit the better that makes it.

*Shad.* What! not when I have warn'd you of the imposition—Now you shall be taken in by it.



*Chron.* Shall I.

*Shad.* You shall.

*Chron.* I shan't.

*Shad.* Yes, yes, I tell you, as if she was really your daughter, and as such, give your consent that she should marry me.

*Chron.* Me. I don't care two pence who she marries, but off she goes.

*Shad.* Be quiet—you wouldn't be so unfriendly as to hinder my love going on.

*Chron.* Well, well, go on with your love—but ecod, I never thought you so gallant a fellow. But Shadrach this thief of a girl is so very pretty, and so like me, just what I should suppose my daughter Dinah to be, I should certainly been taken in by her, come, we'll go and abuse her.

*Shad.* No, no, though she's a rogues, she's pretty, and I never again abuse a pretty girl, you had best keep out of the way, or she may discover you to be Primrose.

*Chron.* True, true,—Zounds, if I'm found out, and old Sadboy's son here in town, he sues me for all the cash that I was deficient in our partnership.

*Shad.* Yes, and so you must be cautious—well I must go and take a lodging for de sham Dinah, in some of de Marybone buildings.

*Chron.* Yes, I must go and prepare a grand entertainment that I give this evening to Araminta and Lady Rounceval.

*Shad.* You give an entertainment, ha, ha, ha!

*Chron.* What do you laugh at?

*Shad.* Cause I thought you said you give it.

*Chron.* Yes, I give it, but Captain Ambush is to pay for it, I can't stand his house in Grosvenor-street, he gives his present lodging for a fortnight, I marry Araminta—then farewell that side of Temple-bar, and hey for Aldermanbury, a snug-box upon hackney march, and a trip to Margate in the Dog Days. [Exeunt.

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE, An Apartment in AMBUSH's House, a Table elegantly set forth, several Bottles.

SPATTERDASH *discover'd ranging the bottles. (Knocking.)*

SPAT.

HOW comes this bottle uncork'd? Champagne, Oh then the sooner its drank out the better, (*drinks*) Ay. I must do all this business myself—its all upon my brain.

*Enter Y. Sadboy.*

Y. Sad. So Spatterdash, I see thou art sumptuous in thy preparations.

Spat. Yes sir, I have done my best.

Y. Sad. Sparkling Champaign, brilliant Burgandy, of these will I carry off three flasks: I cou'd drink four were I not a Quaker.

Spat. The same wine, that you and my master drank at Willis's (*knock*) I fancy sir, these are the ladies.

Y. Sad. Ladies, egad I dread their presence—If I drink too much, I may come to shame, I did offend my sweet Dinah once by intoxication—I'll caution Spatterdash.—Spatterdash, thou know'st I love the juice of the grape.

Spat. Yes sir, I've seen your honour pretty hearty.

Y. Sad. Mind my words—I do fear to tipple when in the company of ladies, for after the second bottle—Beelzebub himself cannot keep me from running up and down among 'em, and talking amorous nonsense—therefore I do beseech thee, to have an eye upon me; and if thou dost find me making too free with the bottle, do thou give me a hint, lest I, by drinking should expose my folly.

*Spat.* I'll watch you sir, and if a hint from me can prevent you—you shan't get tipsy, I warrant you.

*Y. Sad.* I'll requite thy care—wine in moderation, giveth and imparteth joy, but the man that is drunk, a woman of sense despiseth. *[Exit. Y. Sadboy.]*

*Spat.* So, I shall have enough upon my hands for one night, where I have two masters and a mistress under the same roof; Chronicle thinks I'm Lady Rounceval's servant, while she imagines I belong to him, Lieutenant Godfrey my real master, and Captain Ambush his real name. *[Exit with a bottle.]*

*Enter Chronicle, Lady Rounceval and Araminta.*

*Chron.* This way my Lady: yes, my Lady, this house is well enough.

*L. Roun.* Magnificent I protest—Araminta, have you nothing to say in praise of such a house, not even a compliment.

*Ara.* Praise, I'm quite disappointed in it.

*Chron.* How disappointed miss!

*Ara.* Yes, it contradicts my expectations, when could you have pick'd up such ideas of splendour and taste.

*Chron.* Pick'd up—I bought it miss.

*Ara.* Buy taste, ha, ha, ha!

*Chron.* To be sure: you may buy any thing in London, if you have money enough.

*Ara.* Well, you are an elegant wretch, that I must say,

*Chron.* An't I miss, I made this purchase for you my sweet bride. Thank heaven though, I'm not to pay for it. *[Aside.]*

*L. Roun.* Some very fine pictures, Mr Chronicle.

*Ara.* Pictures, bless me! the features of my dear Godfrey.

*Chron.* What's the matter my angel?

*Ara.* Nothing, pray whose picture's that?

*Chron.* He in the red coat? Oh, that's Captain Ambush, must not tell he's master of this house.

*Ara.* Captain Ambush, sir, thank you, amazingly like my dear Godfrey.

*Enter*

# THE YOUNG QUARER,

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Enter Clod.

Clod. Sir, here's Captain Rambush below.

Chron. Ambush you blockhead, shew him up—Ladies, you will now see the original of that picture.

Enter Ambush.

Ara. Oh, heavens! 'tis my Godfrey himself. [*Aside.*]

Chron. Ladies, this is Captain Ambush, a very clever gentleman, as you see, he has a *title* at his elbow; and what's better, a fine estate, for Lord Belville, to whom he's next heir, will soon waddle out of the alley.—There's an introduction to a well jointur'd widow you rogue, (*aside*) Captain, Miss Araminta my spouse—Lady Rounceval, my intended mother-in-law—

Ara. What can this mean? but I won't seem to know him.

L. Roun. A fine young man indeed, we were just admiring your picture, sir.

Amb. You do me a great deal of honour.

Lady Rounceval and Chronicle retire to view the pictures.

Ara. Pray, Mr Godfrey, what am I to think of this introduction.

Amb. Think of it as I do, and you'll make me happy—my resemblance to Captain Ambush's picture, which Chronicle bought of the painter, who had it return'd upon his hands, put him upon the thoughts of introducing me to your mama, as the original, merely as a piece of vanity to her, that he is acquainted with persons of rank and condition.

Ara. Well, I never saw such a likeness.

Amb. Yes, its as like as if it was drawn for me.

Ara. Well, Godfrey, you haven't yet secured me: have a care, it may be a most unlucky thing for you, if this Captain Ambush comes in my way: for, I actually believe I shall fall in love with him.—If his picture be at all like him, he must certainly be a most beautiful man.

Amb. How can you flatter me so, my love.

Ara. You, you conceited thing—I mean that Captain Ambush.

Amb.



## THE YOUNG QUAKER.

*Amb.* I don't like this raillery.—(*Aside.*) Madam, I can never be offended at any partiality you may happen to entertain for the original of a picture, which so much resembles your humble adorer.

*Chronicle and Lady Rounceval return.*

*L. Roun.* I am no Connoisseur, Mr Chronicle, but in my opinion, they are very choice indeed.

*Chron.* A few, but all good, madam.—Hey, Captain, where's your comrade?

*Amb.* Who, Mr Sadboy?

*Chron.* Ay: Ladies, here's a cunning spark for you; he carries a young Quaker about the town with him, only as a foil to set off his pretty person.

*Enter Clod.*

*Clod.* Sir, here's Mr Badboy below.

*Chron.* Sadboy! you dog, you can never remember a name.

*Clod.* Yes, sir, he ax'd for Captain Rambush. [*Exit.*]

*Chron.* The identical young Quaker—A genius I assure you.

*Enter Y. Sadboy, formally.*

*Chron.* A young primitive—Ladies, this is Mr Reuben Sadboy—Zounds, send the Quaker to Philadelphia, and be a gentleman for half an hour.

(*Y. Sad. Shakes Lady Rounceval's hand three times—the same by Araminta's.*)

*Y. Sad.* Friend, thy servant; young woman I am glad to see thee.

*Chron.* Come, unlock your beaver to the Ladies. (*Throws off Sadboy's hat.*)

*Y. Sad.* Plha, damn your nonsense, you old fool. Ladies, the man Chronicle here is an ancient sinner; the snow of winter is sprinkled on his pate, but the wisdom of years enlight'neth not his mind: his head is as a ball stuff'd with straw and cov'rd with leather; yea, my friend Chronicle hath a leather head.—Oh damn your leather head.

*Chron.*

*Chron.* Here's a fellow! curses, swears, and abuses a man according to chapter and verse—Oh, you orthodox profligate.

*L. Roun.* A very promising young gentleman, indeed.

*Ara.* What a strange creature.

*Enter Spadderdash drunk.*

*Spat.* Did you call, sir? I've done every thing—I've the tea and coffee ready—and I've laid in the wine.

*Chron.* Yes, yes, I see you've laid in the wine.

*Spat.* And now, sir, only give your orders and it is done—for I want for nothing but a pinch of snuff.—  
(takes out *Chronicles' box*)

*Chron.* Here's an impudent son of——Lady Rounceval if he was not your servant——

*L. Roun.* My servant! Isn't he yours Mr *Chronicle*?

*Chron.* Mine, oh, no—he's not mine.

*Amb.* I must disown the scoundrel.

*L. Roun.* Why, he brought me a letter from you to-day.

*Chron.* Oh, no—he brought me a message from you indeed.

*Ara.* Oh! lord, here's a discovery I fear.

*Chron.* This is some thief—who are you sirrah, and who brought you here.

*Spat.* Sir, I am very well known to the ladies.—Damme, I'm in a fine humour for giving the token.

*Chron.* Who do you belong to.

*Amb.* O, he's very drunk, let him withdraw.

*Chron.* Ay, ay, get out, get out.

*Spat.* No, I won't leave the room—and now I recollect I have business here; I must take care of Mr *Sadboy* as he desir'd me. (*Staggering to Sadboy.*) Oh, heav'n he's getting drunk, I must take him away.

*Chron.* Come out you drunken wretch.

*Spat.* Ay, come out you drunken wretch. [*drags Sad*

*Chron.* Quit the room.

*Spat.* Be quiet! leave him to me!—Sir, you had best leave

## THE YOUNG QUAKER.

leave the room—you are very far gone—you know you ask'd a hint. (*pulls.*)

*T. Sad.* Avoid!

*Spat.* I can't avoid it, you must come out.

*T. Sad.* I shall be dragg'd out in earnest.—Harkee, Spatterdash, you mistake.—It was Mr Chronicle desired you to take care he didn't drink too much.

*Spat.* Ay, what! now I recollect, so it was.—

*T. Sad.* Only see the condition he's in.—

*Spat.* Oh! scandalous! he must have drunk a great deal—but I'll get him off—Come.—(*Pulling Chron. off.*)

*Chron.* What now.

*Spat.* Out you go.

*Chron.* What is the villain at.

*Spat.* Ay I'm a villain now—but you'll thank me for this when you are sober in the morning.—

*Chron.* Let me go, I say.

*Spat.* If I let you go you'll fall.—(*all laugh.*) There, there they are all laughing at you; why will you stay and expose yourself.

*Chron.* Help, help, what will nobody help me?

*Spat.* Ent I helping you.

*Chron.* Help, Ladies and Gentlemen, dear Ladies.

*Spat.* Ladies—Oh, now he's amorous—ay, ay, its all in vain—out you go.

[*Draggs Chronicle off.*

[*The rest Exit laughing.*

SCENE, a Room at Mrs MILLEFLEUR'S.

*Enter Mrs MILLEFLEUR.*

*Mrs Mille.* Yes, I must give these gentlemen warning—Captain Ambush is tolerably regular for a gentleman, and an officer, but there's no bearing his companion the young Quaker: such hours and doings in a house, would tire the patience of fifty Quakers.—Oh, here he comes, and I will give him it soundly, that's what I will.

*Enter*

## THE YOUNG QUAKER.

35

*Enter Young Sadboy.*

*Y. Sad.* Ha, ha, ha! poor Spatterdash, how drunk! I set him to warn me of the pilt, and he tumbles into it himself.—Egad Ambush has got a fine house there.—He must turn the broker out.—Ha, Mrs Millefleur, thou wilt soon lose thy Captain.—But one comfort, I'll lodge with you, nobody knows how long.

*Mrs Mille.* Yes, sir, but I know how short.

*Y. Sad.* Hallo, Lounge—Goliah! Yoicks, my Beagles.

*Mrs Mille.* Lord, sir, do you think you are in a wood.

*Y. Sad.* True, I should not Hallo, till I'm out of the wood.

*Mrs Mille.* Then get out of this as soon as you please, sir.

*Y. Sad.* Did the man bring my masquerade dress from Tavistock street; I'll go to the Pantheon in the character of Alexander, my old Syfigambis.

*Mrs Mille.* None of your gamebitches, sir; I don't understand your nicknames, and I won't take them, nor you shan't tear down my house in this manner—I'll not bear such usage from ever a Quaker that ever wore a head.

*Y. Sad.* That ever wore a hat, you mean.—Hallo, Yoicks, my brace of Beagles. (*Exit.*) [knocking.]

*Mrs Mille.* O my poor unfortunate door! how it is bang'd about from morning till night.

*Enter Shadrach.*

*Shad.* Never mind, I'll go up to her—I must see her—Oh, here she comes—Oh, Mrs Millefleur, I know you was at home.

*Mrs Mille.* What, you are come up from Plymouth! welcome to town Mr Shadrach.

*Shad.* How do you do, Mrs Millefleur?—Is all your lodgings full.

*Mrs Mille.* Why, no, I can't say full.

*Shad.* 'Cause I want apartments for a young lady.

*Mrs Mille.* A young lady.

*Shad.* Oh, very modest one though.

*Mrs Mille.* Because you know, Mr Shadrach, how nice



nice and particular I am about who I take into my house.

*Shad.* 'Pon my word, as I am honest man, 'tis a young lady of reputation.

*Mrs Mille.* Oh, very well.

*Shad.* But I hope you have no gentlemen in your house.

*Mrs Mille.* No, none—I need not mention Captain Ambush and the young Quaker, as I am determin'd they shall go. [Aside:

*Y. Sadboy, (singing without)*

*Y. Sad.* ' And a hunting we will go'—

*Shad.* Bless me, what's dat?

*Mrs Mille.* Oh, its only the maid.

*Y. Sad. (without)* ' And a hunting we will go,'

*Shad.* What, does your maid go a hunting?

*Mrs Mille.* Maid! Oh, I fancy that's the foolish young Quaker, comes here sometimes.

*Shad.* De lodgings wont do—de are not de ting,—Oh, here is the lady.

*Enter Dinah.*

*Mrs Mille.* A very pretty, modest looking body truly,—ma'am you are welcome.

*Din.* I thank thee friend.

*Shad.* No, no, I tell you, the lodgings are not de ting, de wont do.

*Mrs Mille.* But they are I tell you, only come and look at them.—We must beg your pardon for a moment madam.

*Shad.* No, no, the lady must not stay here alone, because,

*Mrs Mille.* Perhaps ma'am you wish to view the apartments.

*Din.* As it pleaseth thee.

*Shad.* Well, let's see—Stop, do you stay here, miss,

*Mrs Mille.* What, still afraid of the Quaker,

*Shad.* I don't like hunting Quakers.

[Exit Shadrach and Mrs Mille fleur.

*Din.*

*Din.* This man giveth himself great trouble on my account, and seemeth to have no other than a righteous motive.—What had I done but for his kindness? yet my conscience rebuketh me, and sayeth, Dinah, take not his money for thou can'st never make a return.—Heavens! what will become of me? a wretched fugitive in a strange land, without a friend.—How unkind of Mr Sadboy to banish me his hospitable roof—I did not entice his son to love me—But, alas, I shall never see him more: and even if my dear father lives, I know not—Affliction is my lot, and patience my only comfort.

*Enter Shadrach.*

*Shad.* Yes, here I shall have her all to myself—Ah—Miss Dinah, 'tis a very pretty place, a neat lodging indeed.

*Din.* I am much beholden to thy goodness of heart.

*Shad.* Oh, yes, I've a mighty good heart.

*Din.* And humbly thank thee, friend.

*Shad.* Yes, I will be your friend.

*Din.* You shall ever command my gratitude.

*Shad.* Yes, I always expect gratitude when I confer a favour.—As I have given earnest, 'tis time to strike the bargain—Now my dear listen—As you have nobody to depend on now but me, you'll never find your father in this great Town—You have no moneys to pay your passage back to America—And here you are in London, as poor as Job; without even a change of cloaths, as the rogue did cut your trunk from behind the Dilly, and besides dat, I did lend you moneys which you will never be able to pay me—So I will tell you how we will settle accounts—I will draw a bill upon your beauty, which your virtue must accept, you pay me with your honour, and then Cupid, my little clerk, will give you a receipt in full, and I will stamp it with a kiss.

*Din.* I did look upon thee as a star of light deputed by Providence, to conduct me through the vale of adversity,

verity, but I fear now that thy goodness was but a false meteor sent by Satan to mislead me from the path of virtue into the wilderness of vice and infamy.

*Shad.* Oh, this is fine talking of stars and comets when you have not sixpence in your pocket.

*Din.* Then conscious innocence be my only guardian.

*Shad.* Innocence! Stuff—Your innocence wont pay for a two penny cheesecake if you was starving: I'll take you into keeping, and then your innocence will be out of the way of temptation——

*Din.* Avoid, thou tempter.

*Shad.* Nay, I can't avoid it—and if you don't like vat is for your own good, I must force you. (*Attempts to kiss her.*)

*Din.* Help! heaven defend me.

*Shad.* Poh, nonsense, stuff.—(*Struggles with her, Dinah breaks from him, and Exit.*)

*Enter Y. Sadboy.*

*Y. Sad.* O hey! what have we got? Amnon here and Tamar fled.

*Shad.* Who sent for you sir? you're very rude.

*Y. Sad.* Yea, thou wert rude.

*Shad.* I mean your intrusion.

*Y. Sad.* True, friend, my intrusion was a paradox of right and wrong—'twas right to prevent the ruin of, perhaps, an innocent maiden, but 'twas wrong to hinder thee from doing a thing that would bring thee to Tyburn.

*Shad.* You are an impudent puppy.—I may venture to beat him, for Quakers never strike again.—I, I, there, take that, (*Strikes him.*)

*Y. Sad.* Yea, I do—'twas a good blow, and that which is good should be return'd ten-fold. (*Beats and kicks him round the stage.*)

*Shad.* Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord! this is very fine—Here's a pretty devil of a Quaker—Here's meekness and christianity.

*Enter*

*Enter Mrs Millefleur.*

*Mrs Mille.* Hey, what's going on here now?

*Y. Sad.* Only a little struggle between the flesh and the spirit, and the spirit did overcome.

*Mrs Mille.* Fie, fie, fir, you are a Quaker!

*Shad.* Yes, he's a devil of a Quaker.

*Mrs Mille.* This your patience and resignation to thump a gentleman about in this manner.

*Shad.* Yes, to thump me about in this manner.

*Mrs Mille.* What did you do to him Mr Shadrach?

*Shad.* Nothing—Nothing at all, as I'm an honest man.

*Y. Sad.* Thou did'st give the first buffet.

*Shad.* Yes, but I thought if I struck a Quaker upon one cheek he would turn the other to me.

*Y. Sad.* Yea, I should have done so.

*Shad.* I wish you had with all my heart.—Adso, but the goods is gone.—I must go seek after the young Lady.

*Mrs Mille.* No, no, I'll seek after the young Lady. *[Exit.*

*Y. Sad.* Friend, take my hand.

*Shad.* No—I have had too much of thy hand already—but I will have satisfaction.

*Y. Sad.* Art thou not satisfied? *(Shakes his fist at him)*

*Shad.* Yes, yes, I am very well satisfied.

*Y. Sad.* Here, Goliath, Goliath.

*Shad.* Oh, the devil, he calls the champion upon me.

*Enter Goliath. (Goliath is a boy.)*

*Y. Sad.* Goliath, show that man down stairs.—I could smite that Amalakite until the going down of the sun.

*[Exit.*

*Shad.* This Goliath is a terrible fellow, I dare say—I'm afraid to look at him—I warrant he has got a great Weaver's beam in his hand.

*Gol.* Lo, I wait.



*Shad.* That's a very puny voice for a champion.—  
(*Looks round.*) What's this Goliath.

*Gol.* Wilt thou walk?

*Shad.* Will I walk—I'll make you run, you little rascal. (*Beats him.*)

*Gol.* Help, help, the Philistines are upon me.

*Exit running.*

*Shad.* I'll Philistine you with a bunch of rods you little dog.

[*Exit.*]

## A C T IV.

SCENE, AMBUSH'S Lodgings at *Mrs MILLEFLEUR'S*.

*Enter Mrs MILLEFLEUR and LOUNGE.*

*Mrs MILLEFLEUR.*

**I**'M glad of it, Mr Lounge, for I was heartily tir'd of your master as a lodger.

*Lounge.* Well, but now since Captain Ambush is a Lord, that's all over with you Mrs Millefleur.

*Mrs Mille.* But is it true?

*Lounge.* Certain—the letter arriv'd last night, that Lord Belville died in France.

*Mrs Mille.* And Captain Ambush, my lodger, succeeds to his title and estate.

*Lounge.* Oh, yes, we carry on our frolicks in future at his house in Grosvenor street; so, you'll send every body up there that enquires for my master.

*Mrs Mille.* Oh, here comes my Lord, and the old gentleman.

[*Exit Lounge.*]

*Enter Captain Ambush and Chronicle.*

*Mrs Mille.* My Lord, I wish your Lordship joy.—I'm sorry to lose your Lordship; but I hope every thing has been agreeable to your Lordship, since I've had the honour of your Lordship's lodging in my house, my Lord.

*Amb.*

*Amb.* Oh, very well, Mrs. Millefleur,—This is the gentleman to whom I give up my lodgings for the rest of the time I took 'em for.

*Mrs. Mille.* Very well, my Lord—My poor Quaker girl is in no danger here I think. [*Aside, and Exit.*]

*Chron.* Well, Captain, I must see about removing your things from off your premises.

*Amb.* But, Chronicle, don't you regret leaving Grosvenor street.

*Chron.* Not I, my Lord, no more fashionable entertainments for me—To suffer such disgrace before Ladies—A rascal to haul me out of company like a pick-pocket out of Garaways—Ay, ay, one of Young Sadboy's jokes, for I saw him whisper the fellow.

*Enter Mrs. Millefleur.*

*Mrs. Mille.* Every thing is ready, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

*Amb.* Chronicle excuse me for a few minutes. [*Exit.*]

*Chron.* So, I've the lodging here for a fortnight, a good bargain to get things for nothing—this is the room they have put my trunks into—And not lock'd—Oh, ho—I'd best take out my white and silver suit to have it properly trick'd up against my wedding.—Oh, I long to get back to the city. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Spatterdash.*

*Spat.* Well, certainly my master and I are a couple of lucky fellows! If fortune had not lifted us under one banner, instead of his being a Lord and I his gentleman, he might, in twenty years hence have been upon half pay, and I finishing my studies at Chelsea College.—Yes, I'm in the road to preferment. A Lord's own valet—I must keep proper company.—I must not know a livery servant, as they are to wait behind me at the second table.—I won't be seen in a Beer house: A coffee house Lounge, indeed, or a card club, with some valets of distinction. Shall I marry Pink? I know the Jade has hopes of being Mrs Spatterdash.—A wife! no, no, damn it, I'll never put my honour in a woman's keeping.

## THE YOUNG QUAKER.

*Enter Clod.*

*Clod.* Splutterdash, Splutterdash.

*Spat.* Spatterdash! freedom—impertinent Bumkin.

*Clod.* Oh, Splutterdash—where shall I—

*Spat.* Stop—who do you talk to friend?

*Clod.* Who do you talk to?—Why, I was going to talk to you.

*Spat.* Then, pray learn how to address me.

*Clod.* I learn how to dress you for what?

*Spat.* There's now some difference between you and me.

*Clod.* I don't want to have any difference with you. —I think you are as civil a young man as—

*Spat.* Young man!

*Clod.* Well, you're as civil a middle aged man—

*Spat.* Hold.

*Clod.* Why, you are neither an old man, nor a little boy—what the devil are you?

*Spat.* I am now my Lord's own gentleman.

*Clod.* You a gentleman—he, he, he!

*Spat.* Less familiarity or I'll kick you down stairs.

[*Exit.*

*Clod.* Ecod, that's a good beginning of a gentleman to kick a man down stairs! If that's being a gentleman, I fancy I could make a very good one myself.—(*Assuming consequence.*) Hem, do you know who I am. (*Mimicks Spat.*)

*Enter Pink.*

*Pink.* Mr Godfrey seems to be removed.—Pray do you belong to the Captain.

*Clod.* Who are you talking to?

*Pink.* Who am I talking to?—Why, indeed, I don't very well know, and that's the reason of—

*Clod.* There's now some difference between you and me.—(*Struts about.*)

*Pink.* What is the man at?

*Clod.* You must learn how to dress me.

*Pink.*

*Pink.* Ha, ha, ha!—What a strange beast it is.

*Clod.* I am a gentleman.

*Pink.* A what.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Clod.* Lefs flummilarity.

*Pink.* The fellow's mad, I believe—but I must find Spatterdash.—A gentleman—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

*Clod.* If it had been my luck to live with a Lord, I'd be a flourishing fellow.—Yeas, I'll leave Mr Chronicle: as good be out of bread as have nothing to eat.—Oh, this Spat. is in a rare way. (*strutting all this time.*)

*Enter Chronicle.*

*Chron.* Eh! what have you nothing to do, but strutting about here?

*Clod.* Lefs flummilarity or I'll kick you down stairs, (*struts.*)

*Chron.* Hey! What.

*Clod.* No, I can't do it without a cane.

*Chron.* A cane! O then you shan't want a cane.

[*strikes him.*]

*Clod.* What's that for, man?—Do you think its a Mounseer of a Frenchman you have got?

*Chron.* Go, rascal, wait for me at the house in Grosvenor street, or I'll give you another touch of the cane.

*Clod.* I be no Mounseer: I be a true born Englishman, and scorn to take a blow from any he that ever wore a head, without giving two blows in return. [*Exit.*]

*Chron.* Ay, ay, this is English liberty—threaten his master—this fellow would eat up my beef and beat me afterwards.—Most of my things are now deposited in this room—So I'll lock the door. (*Locks the door, and pockets the key.*)

*Enter Ambush.*

*Chron.* Well, my Lord, have you any compliments to the widow, for I'm full trot to pay my devotions to the shrine of Araminta—You shall soon wish me joy—The day is near—We shall be the happy couple. [*Exit. Spat.*]



*Enter Spatterdash.*

*Spat.* Oh, my Lord, as I live there's Mr Sadboy's father below: the very old gentleman we left in America—he has been talking to a chairman, and I dare say enquiring for this house.

*Amb.* Old Zachary! What can have brought him over to England. He'll find a wonderful improvement in his young plant of Piety: if 'tis possible to make a Quaker angry, he must be highly incensed at his son's conduct.

*O. Sad. (without.)* I would speak with Reuben Sadboy.

*Spat.* I fancy, my Lord, I hear him below.

*Amb.* Spatterdash, do you amuse Old Mr Sadboy here, 'till his son gets notice of his arrival. [*Exit Spat.*]

*O. Sad. (without.)* With Reuben Sadboy, young man.

*Spat.* Pray, walk up, sir.

*Amb.* Old Zachary indeed! but I'll not be troubled with his tedious enquiries—My own affairs are sufficient to perplex me. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Old Sadboy, Spatterdash and Malachi.*

*Spat.* Yes, sir, you'll see him presently.

*O. Sad.* Then, thou knowest my son.

*Spat.* Yes, sir, and a very good gentleman he is.

*O. Sad.* True, friend, he is now a man, and I do wish him gentle, but a gentleman I would not have him—But is this his home.

*Spat.* Oh, yes, sir, he's quite at home I assure you.

*O. Sad.* My son's dwelling! why sojourneth he at this end of the town!—I bid him bide in the city, in Thread Needle street, or in Leaden Hall street, yea, near the Exchange called Royal did I bid him dwell—Moreover, I hear he doth shine in gold and silver, and that he doth drink wine from the vineyards of Burgandy—and that he doth ride in Phatons—and that he doth drive his gig—yea, also in one Tim-whisky doth he ride.

*Spat.*

*Spat.* Ay, sir, you are not to believe half the things you hear in this town.—He'll be soon in, sir, and I'll give him notice of your arrival. [Exit.]

*O. Sad.* Since these are his evil doings I do repent me that I did send him to this great city.—Malachi, Malachi, Malachi, I feel the spirit of anger riseth against my son.

*Mal.* Yea, thou dost wax exceeding wroth.

*O. Sad.* I will examine his rooms and his closets: his trunks and his chests will I rummage, and his garments of gold and silver will I despoil him off.—What hath he here?—(goes to) nor bolts, nor locks, nor doors shall keep me from knowing the things that I would know. (bursts open the door—Exit.) Yea, it is true, Malachi—(speaking without)—here upon my son's cloaths is needle work of gold and needle work of silver.—(Enter with Chronicle's wedding cloaths.)—These cloaths will I burn, and I will bequeath my money, and my goods, and my plantations in America, to strangers among the brethren—yea, to such as are strangers to my blood.—Come along, Malachi. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Mrs Millefleur and Dinah.*

*Mrs Mille.* Well, child, you may make your mind a little easy, as the Rogue of a Jew supposes you ran into the street when the Young Quaker rescued you from his rudeness.

*Dinah.* I am indebted to that person, for more than life.

*Mrs Mille.* Ah, he has been the plague of my house.—He did give little Shadrach the truth of a trimming; but it shall be nothing to what I'll give him, if he has the assurance to enter my doors again.

*Din.* And yet this honest house must have been pointed out to him by the finger of Providence.—In one fit for his purpose, I had been undone.—I do owe thee many thanks, and will do all things cheerfully, whatever thou dost command me.

*Mrs Mille.* That's right, my child, keep up your spirits: who knows but there may be many good days in store for you. [Exit.]

*Din.*

*Din.* Tho' this woman be not one of the faithful, and dwelleth among the tents of the prophane, yet the effusions of her heart are as a spring of fair water, they flow pure and undefiled.

*Enter Pink.*

*Pink.* Where is this Spatterdash? an unmannerly coxcomb to leave me alone in his own room, and then to sneak out.—(*sens Dinah.*)—Oh, ho, Mr Godfrey sees ladies, I find, and poor Miss Araminta thinks him all her own.—A Quaker, ay, ay, these girls take all sorts of shapes.—I'll see her face that I may know her again.—Mr Godfrey at home, ma'am.—

*Din.* I do not know Mr Godfrey.

*Pink.* Oh, then perhaps you are come after Spatterdash.

*Din.* Spatterdash!

*Pink.* Spatterdash—(*mimicks.*)—how innocent we are.—A Quaker, and last monday I saw the creature at the Hay-market Theatre in a riding habit.—Ah, this is a mistress of her trade, or she could never look so like a modest woman.

*Din.* Hast thou any business with me.

*Pink.* Thou, marry come up indeed! I should not have thought of such a thing as you, to thee and thou people that earn their bread honestly.—Ha, ha, a Quaker.—But miss Araminta shall know what demure visitors Mr Goodfrey sees at his lodgings.—Thou, marry come up indeed. [*Exit.*]

*Din.* She uttereth parables which I do not understand.—I perceive tho' by her scoffing, that the faithful here in London, are but objects of scorn.

*Shad.* (*without.*) Only one word, I tell you.

*Din.* Oh, heavens! the wicked Jew—where shall I hide me.—(*Goes into the closet.*)

*Enter Chronicle and Shadrach.*

*Chron.* Well now, what is it you want with me? I

was

was flying off like an amorous turtle to visit my pretty little dove, just hopping over the threshold.

*Shad.* Then do hop out, and don't hop in again.

*Chron.* Not hop in! why so?

*Shad.* Ah, this house, this house.

*Chron.* Why, whats the matter with the house!

*Shad.* It is not honest.

*Chron.* Indeed!

*Shad.* You know the cunning rogue of a girl that was to pass for your daughter.

*Chron.* What the goods.——

*Shad.* Yes, de goods: she did trick me.

*Chron.* Trick you! then she must be a cunning rogue indeed.

*Shad.* She did borrow my money's and then run away from me.

*Chron.* But you had personal security, hey, Shadrach.

*Shad.* Oh, no matter for dat.

*Chron.* But what's your goods and your girls to this house?

*Shad.* I hear Mrs Millefleur did harbour her.

*Chron.* Hey, gad then I may be robb'd here.

*Shad.* Ay, they will cut your throat in the night.

*Chron.* Will they, then I'll move off in the day.——

(*Looks toward the door.*) Hey! the door open and the key in my pocket.—I suppose I am robb'd. (*Goes in.*)

*Shad.* Pray heaven you may.—(*aside.*)—I hope not, Mr Chronicle.—Ay this will frighten him out of the house: if he stay she'll find that she is really his daughter.

*Chron.* (*within.*) I'm plundered, I'm ruined.—They have stole my cloaths: my beautiful white and silver is gone.

*Shad.* Oh, I'm glad of dat.—I hope you are not robb'd, Mr Chronicle.

*Chron.* (*within.*) I am, I'm robb'd—I have found the thief.

*Din.* (*within.*) Help me—save me.

*Shad.* Oh, dear 'tis his daughter he has got.

*Chron.* Come out here.—(*Enters with Dinah.*)——

Shadrach,



Shadrach, here's your goods.—But where's my goods, hey.

*Shad.* Break open a door! oh, I didn't tink she was quite as bad as dat.

*Enter Mrs Millefleur.*

*Mrs Mille.* What is all this?—Mr Shadrach, I wonder you are not aham'd to come into my house.

*Shad.* Yes, I am aham'd to come into it, 'tis so bad.

*Mrs Mille.* My house bad! I'll make you prove your words.

*Shad.* That gentleman there shall prove it at the old Bailey.

*Mrs Mille.* I defy you and the old Bailey.

*Chron.* And perhaps, ma'am, you didn't know of this young Ninivite breaking open the door, and stealing my cloaths.—

*Mrs Mille.* She steal!—an innocent creature.

*Shad.* Innocent! be quiet! Mrs Millefleur, he knowsher.

*Din.* Then he must know me to be a wretched helpless creature. (*weeps.*)

*Mrs Mille.* Don't weep, child, if you can find your father.

*Shad.* Father, ha, ha, ha! she was been telling the story here too.

*Chron.* Yes, but that father's not so easily impos'd upon, hey, Shadrach.

*Shad.* Ay, you may give up the game, for I've let Mr Primrose into all your contrivance.

*Din.* Have you then found him?

*Chron.* She does not know me to be Primrose!

[*Aside to Shad.*

*Din.* (*To Shad.*) Oh, sir, as thou may'st hope for mercy at the latest house, tell me where is my father, that his wretched daughter may show a heart replete with filial duty, and invoke the sunshine of a parent's smiles, to dry up all her sorrows.

*Mrs Mille.* My heart bleeds for her.

*Chron.* What's the matter with my eyes?

*Shad.*

*Shad.* Oh, dear, I'm out of snuff.

*Chron.* What shall I do? if I prosecute her for the burglary she'll be hang'd—no, I can't hurt her—young woman I'll let you fall into other hands—I'm sorry its not in your nature to be honest—but think of some other scheme, for depend upon it that the father of Dinah Primrose will never be imposed on by this.

*Shad.* Fall into other hands—She must go out of mine first.

*Mrs Mille.* I didn't expect to see you again, Mr Shadrach, and I beg that you now shorten your visit.

*Shad.* I shorten my visit—Oh, dats all stuff, Mrs Millefleur.

*Mrs Mille.* Don't tell me of stuff, sir, I desire you'll quit my house—for though I'm oblig'd to let lodgings, yet 'tish't all the gold in Lombard street that can bribe me to assist in a scheme against my conscience.

*Shad.* Conscience—Oh, dats more stuff.

*Bail. (without.)* Sir, I've the King's authority.

*Chron.* Hey, what's that?

*Shad.* Dats my Bailiff.

*Mrs Mille.* A Bailiff in my house! I must know the meaning of this. [Exit.]

*Shad.* Come, pay me my moneys, miss, or you go to prison.

*Chron.* Come, Shadrach you won't send the poor creature to prison neither.

*Shad.* Will you pay the debt! 'tis only twenty-three pounds, two shillings and nine pence.

*Chron.* Two and nine pence!—'Gad, if I've so much money about me I will.

*Shad.* Be quiet, man: 'tis above 23 pounds—Vat I tell you.

*Chron.* Oh, that's another thing.—And yet, Egad, I've a great mind—What a pity it is generosity should cost us any thing.

*Shad.* Mr Snatch, pray walk up

E

Enter

*Enter Mrs Millefleur.*

*Mrs Mille.* If its your Bailiff, fir, you are calling, he is gone,

*Shad.* Gone, what without executing his office.

*Mrs Mille.* No, fir, there's a receipt in full for your demand upon that young lady.

*Chron.* What, is it paid—and I was just going to pay it myself.

*Shad.* Who laid down the moneys?

*Mrs Mille.* Heaven blefs him! the dear young Quaker, that I've always been abusing, proves the guardian angel of my house.—He no sooner saw the officer, and heard that his business here was to arrest an innocent helpless young woman, then, without enquiring who she was, he instantly discharg'd the debt.—Here he comes heaven blefs him. [Exit.

*Shad.* It was damn'd impertinent.

*Y: Sad.* (*without.*) Where is this rascally Israelite?

*Din.* What do I hear?

*Enter Sadboy.*

*Y. Sad.* Where is this young—

*Din.* 'Tis he, 'tis my Reuben, my protector, my preserver.

*Y. Sad.* Art thou indeed my beloved Dinah. (*Embracing.*)

*Chron.* What the devil! is this really my daughter?—my child!—(*Embracing her.*)—Oh, you villain.—(*To Shadrach*)—My darling child!—(*Oh, you damn'd rascal*) My dear child!—(*Oh, you infernal villain.*)

*Shad.* Mr Chronicle, I'll bring action of slander.

*Chron.* Bring action of battery at once, you dog — (*Shakes him*)

*Shad.* If you tears my coat, you shall pay for it.

*Chron.* I'd buy you a new suit of gold tissue, you dog, to see you hang'd in it.

*Y. Sad.* Why, Zounds! are you mad, old Chronicle?

*Chron.* Chronicle, me no Chronicle! my name is Primrose

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Primrose—and I don't care who knows it!—I'm the father of Dinah, and the happiest of all the happy old fellows in England.

*Din.* Merciful heaven! have I then found my father.

*Chron.* You have my girl, and I could cry with joy.  
—But, Dinah—Where's my white and silver?

*Din.* Sir!

*Chron.* Well, no matter, you thought you had a right to your poor old father's goods—but never break open a door again, child, its a bad custom.—Well, we have a noble house warming.—

*Shad.* Mr Chronicle you have used me—

*Y. Sad.* Thy Bailiff is gone, and do thou go likewise.

*Shad.* I go!—

*Y. Sad.* Yea, thy Bailiff is gone, and do thou become a Bailiff's follower. [Shows him out.]

*Chron.* Well but Reuben, did you pay all this money without knowing who it was for.

*Y. Sad.* Not I—I heard she was in distress, and that was claim sufficient.

*Chron.* Well, young Broad Brim, you love my daughter here,

*Y. Sad.* If thou art really Primrose, my father's old partner, and this dear maiden thy daughter, with your consent and her's, I take her lily hand.

*Chron.* Will you—how lucky—this marriage will wipe of all scores I owe his father—Well, Reuben, remember, Dinah's your's.

*Y. Sad.* On two conditions.

*Chron.* Whats that?

*Y. Sad.* That you buy a ticket for the masquerade, and that Dinah learns to dance.

*Din.* How art thou chang'd my Reuben.

*Y. Sad.* Only polish'd my dear,—I love you as well as ever.

*Chron.* Now up I scamper, to my Lady Rounceval's—Reuben—mum there, that I'm a daughter in pocket.

[Exit.



*Y. Sad.* Hey! Lounge—my vis-a-vis.—Come, my Dinah, I'll introduce you to Lord Belville—A friendly Peer, and a Peerless friend, I assure you. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T V.

SCENE, AMBUSH's Lodgings.

*Enter AMBUSH and YOUNG SADBOY.*

AMBUSH.

**A**Y, Sadboy, you may laugh, but I'm determined to have a stronger proof of my Araminta's affections.

*Y. Sad.* Well, thou art a most nice, and a most troublesome lover—doth she not prefer thee to.—

*Amb.* To Chronicle! without any compliment to myself, I think that no great proof of her sincerity: An old wither'd fellow that—

*Y. Sad.* Oh, you want a young handsome rival?—Egad, I'll court Araminta myself.

*Amb.* No, no, prithee be serious—perplex'd with doubts.—If you had heard her praise my picture last night—

*Y. Sad.* What the devil, art then jealous of thy own picture.

*Amb.* Mine! true, but she suspected it the portrait of another.—Araminta, though free from levity, entertains ideas of splendour and magnificence, which, with one in my assumed character of Godfrey she would never gratify.

*Y. Sad.* Well, doth not her partiality for you, as such, surrounded, as she imagines, with all the disadvantages of poverty, sufficiently evince her sincerity and generosity.

*Amb.* No matter: I'll propose for her to her mother in my real person, and if my title and fortune of Lord Belville

Belville circumvent me as Lieutenant Godfrey, her love is venial, her heart a sordid, worthless trifle, and as such I throw it from my keeping, here—(*gives a letter*) there is what I have said to Lady Rounceval.

*T. Sad.* (*Reads*) “Madam, an ardent passion for your daughter, impels me to assure you that my late acquisition of Lord Belville’s title and fortune I esteem only as they may make one more worthy of my adored: with your permission, I shall pay my respects to your Ladyship, and make your daughter a tender of my heart and hand—Who am, madam, your most obedient servant—Belville.”

So here is a snare to catch the constancy of a poor frail woman.

*Amb.* Ay, ay, my wife must care for no little but that of husband. O, pray, Sadboy, can you let my man step with this letter to Lady Rounceval’s, as she must not know Spatterdash belongs to me.

*T. Sad.* By all means—and there he comes.

*Enter Lounge.*

*Lounge.* Sir, here’s the man from Tavistock street, with the masquerade dress.

*T. Sad.* What!—and my helmet and plume.—I go as Alexander the Great, what a Babylonian beau I shall make, ha, ha, ha!

*Amb.* Lounge, you’ll take this letter.

*T. Sad.* O, ay, but tarry not, as I want to dress for the masquerade, time enough to call upon Dinah.

*Exit Lounge.*

*Amb.* Ah, Sadboy, you are certain of your Dinah: but my Araminta—True love, like pure gold, refines upon trial: and this letter will prove whether *her’s* can bear the touch.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE, *Lady ROUNCEVAL's House.*

*Enter Lady ROUNCEVAL and ARAMINTA.*

*Lady ROUNCEVAL.*

Why, my dear, this Captain Ambush, at the first interview, seems to have erased your favourite Godfrey totally from your mind.

*Ara.* First interview! charming—she little thinks its one and the same person.—“A soldier he is for a lady.” (*sings.*)

*Enter Servant.*

Mr Chronicle, madam.

*Ara.* Say we are not at home.

*L. Roun.* Fie, Araminta—I am at home—shew Mr Chronicle up. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter Chronicle.*

*Chron.* Lady Rounceval, your most obedient.—Araminta, my sweet blushing rose.—Well, my Lady, things are drawing to a conclusion: the law affairs are all settled; and I shall soon be your dutiful Son-in-law.

*L. Roun.* 'Twill make me very happy, I assure you, Mr Chronicle.

*Chron.* We shall soon take the matrimonial road, cupid the coachman, pleasure and enjoyment the horses, content and good humour the wheels, Araminta my partner, and on we roll the happy journey of life.

*Ara. (sings.)* Your journey I fear will do you no good, galloping dreary dun, &c. (*sings the whole verse, and Exit.*)

*Chron.* Gad, she'll make a fine galloping, gigling galloway.

*R. Roun.* But you must not be a timid lover Mr Chronicle, when Sir Ralph Rounceval was courting me, he hunted me about the house like a doe.

*Chron.* But my young doe has taken cover in her chamber.

*L. Roun.* Well, you'll soon have a right to her chamber

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chamber—follow her, Mr Chronicle—take my word for it she'll never like you the worse.

*Chron.* Follow her—do you say so, Lady Rounceval—then here goes—with my haily, gaily, &c.

*[Exit singing.]*

*L. Roun.* I wish, with all my heart, Araminta was once married to this Chronicle.

*Enter Servant, delivers a letter and Exit.*

*L. Roun.* From Lord Belville—I don't know him.—*(Reads)* Madam “ Ardent passion—“ title and fortune—um—“ My heart and hand—um—Belville.”—Lord Belville, this is indeed a conquest—Bless me, this is the very Captain Ambush we saw last night in Grosvenor street—Mr Chronicle said he was next heir to a title—A Lord—And the very person Araminta was bestowing such praises on just now.—This is a much better match than Chronicle the Stock-broker.—I'm sorry things have been carried so far, but how to hit upon a decent excuse to break off with him.

*Enter Chronicle.*

*Chron.* Ha, ha!—the sly little rogue has lock'd the door and would not let me in.

*L. Roun.* Why, sir, did you think of following my daughter.

*Chron.* Yes, yes, you know I shall soon have a right to your daughter.

*L. Roun!* Sir!

*Chron.* Ma'am!

*L. Roun.* Richard—*(Enter servant)*—Mind neither your young lady, nor I, are ever at home to that man there.

*[Exit servant.]*

*Chron.* I'm stunn'd!

*Enter Ambush.*

*Amb.* Ha, Chronicle! What you've been paying your devotions at the shrine of Araminta.

*Chron.* Oh, yes!

*Amb.*



*Amb.* Shall we soon wish you joy!

*Chron.* Hey!

*Amb.* Is the happy day near?

*Chron.* What!

*Amb.* When are you to be married?

*Chron.* Show me down stairs.

[*Exit.*

*Amb.* I fancy my letter has taken effect, and poor Chronicle already discarded—I fear that will soon be poor Godfrey's case—Ay, ay, the title will dismiss me—But if attracted by a Coronet, she returns the heart of Godfrey, she shall never receive the hand of Belville.

*Enter Araminta.*

*Ara.* Yes, it is indeed my Godfrey.—Oh, you impostor!—Mama actually believes you to be Lord Belville.—

*Amb.* Believes me to be Lord Belville! Why so?—Oh, from Chronicle introducing me last night as Captain Ambush.—

*Ara.* Poor Chronicle's sent off—Your letter was the happiest—

*Amb.* Letter—What letter?

*Ara.* Your letter to my mama, that you sign Lord Belville.

*Amb.* I sent no letter!

*Ara.* You didn't send it—Oh, then it must come from Lord Belville himself.—And I must retract my consent I so freely gave to this noble Peer.

*Amb.* And did you consent to give your hand to another.

*Ara.* Another—why I thought I was giving it to you, you silly man—what! forsake my Godfrey?—No, not for twenty lords.—Well, you must conquer delicacy, avow yourself the writer of the letter, and as such receive from her your Araminta, if you think her worth having.

*Amb.* Yes, my love but can I in honour consent that you should thus sacrifice every hope of wealth for a man doom'd by his sordid fate to poverty and despair.

*Ara.*

*Ara.* What you refuse me. (*sings.*)

Then farewell my lover dear  
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn  
While life remains in this fond breast  
'Twill beat for thee alone.  
What tho' unkind, may heaven on thee  
Its choicest blessings pour  
Ah, gramachree, my lover dear  
My Godfrey is a store.

*Amb.* My charming Araminta, your generosity has led you into an error, and by consenting to my felicity, you give your hand to an impostor.

*Ara.* True, but 'tis an innocent imposition: And when the real Lord Belville hears the motive is love, if he is really noble he will easily forgive it.

*Amb.* Yes, but 'tis you alone that are deceiv'd, Araminta—in your poor Godfrey—Behold the happy Belville!

*Ara.* How!

*Amb.* Forgive, my love, a stratagem which has proved your purity of soul—I really am the person you would have me assume, and the name of Godfrey I took to produce an effect that has answer'd my most ardent wishes.

*Ara.* Godfrey a Lord! Ah, you arch deceiver.

*Amb.* Yes, and may every generous woman, who does not suffer interest to supercede affection be thus deceived.

*Ara.* And thus rewarded with the man she loves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, AMBUSH'S House.

*Masquerade dress, Helmet and Plume laid on a Couch.*

*Enter Clod.*

CLOD.

Ay, poor Clod!—If I stay longer with Mr Chronicle I shall be poor Clod indeed.—I should like now to live in this house with Captain Rambush—Ah, but he's

he's got a gentleman of his own already—I hear he's put master's nose out of joint and is going to marry miss Harrimintis. Or I should like to be servant to Mr Bad-boy, the Young Quaker.

*Enter Y. Sadboy.*

*Y. Sad.* Lounge! where the devil is this rascal? this idle fellow to be out of the way.

*Clod.* No, sir, I'm in the way.

*Y. Sad.* Thou, Oh, thou dost live with Mr Chronicle.

*Clod.* Yes, sir, I live—starve with Mr Chronicle.

*Y. Sad.* Starve—Why you are in good case.

*Clod.* Yes, sir, the case is good enough, if there was any thing in it.

*Y. Sad.* Oh, here is my masquerade dress—I think Alexander the Great an excellent fancy.

*Clod.* I wish he'd take a fancy to I.

*Y. Sad.* But how to try it on—is this fellow come—Lounge.

*Clod.* Lounge—Lord, sir, what a bad servant you have got.

*Y. Sad.* He's not a good one

*Clod.* Now, sir, I'm a very good one.

*Chron. (without)* Clod, where are you Clod?

*Clod.* Hey!

*Y. Sad.* Thy master calls.

*Clod.* Yes, sir—Now I'd never neglect any gentleman that would take me into his service.

*Chron. (without)* Clod, Clod.

*Clod.* Yes, sir—Now I'd fly like a pigeon to my master the moment I thought he'd want me.

*Y. Sad.* Thy stay while thy master calls doth prove thy words.

*Clod.* Yes, sir, I'll prove my words—what can I do for you, sir?

*Y. Sad.* If thy master did not want thee, thou shouldst help me on with my dress.

*Clod.* My master, oh, lord, sir, I don't mind him.

*Y. Sad.* True, thou art a good servant.

*Clod.*

*Clod.* Yes, I am, Sir—Come, I'll dress you. fir.—

*T. Sad.* Didst thou ever dress an Alexander?

*Clod.* Yes, twenty, fir—this is main fine—is it your coat or your waistcoat.

*T. Sad.* I do recollect there is a large looking glass in the next room; before that will I equip myself, and in my habit of Alexander the Great will I visit my Dinah at Mrs Millefleur's—Bring my Helmet and Plume.

[*Exit.*]

*Clod.* O! he mean his caps and feathers. (*Takes it up and is going.*)

*Enter Old Sadboy and Chronicle.*

*O. Sad.* This man perh ps can tell—harkye, friend.

*Clod.* He's no friend that would stop a man in his road to preferment. [*struts off.*]

*O. Sad.* I did not expect to find friend Primrose—But why call thyself Chronicle.

*Chron.* For 5000 Reasons, and every one of 'em as good as a guinea; but now I'm worth a plumb, a fig for all reasons.—I'll pay you your money.

*O. Sad.* I thank thee friend: I am glad thy Dinah is safe; and since thou art rich, shall no longer hinder her marriage with my son, but doth my son Reuben walk with the righteous.

*Chron.* Yes, he doth walk and ride with the first people of this town! Reuben's a pretty lad.

*O. Sad.* I heed not pretty, is he good!

*Chron.* Yes, he's pretty good.

*O. Sad.* I was told his heart did go astray after pomp and vanities.

*Chron.* You were told lies.—As he's to marry my daughter, I'll give him a good character, for fear he should disinherit him.—(*Aside.*)—As to your son he's decent, and he's good, and he's virtuous, and he's pious—In short he's quite a holy young man.

*O. Sad.* Thy tidings rejoiceth my heart.

*T. Sad.* (*without.*) I've got my dress on.—Hallo, old Chronicle



Chronicle (*Enters dressed.*) If my father, Old Jekil, was to see me now, ha, ha, ha!

O. Sad. In the name of Isaiah and all his visions, what is this! art thou my son Reuben!

Y. Sad. Yea, I am thy dutiful son.

O. Sad. Friend Primrose, is this thy holy lad.

Chron. Yea, in disguise.

O. Sad. I sent thee over to England to transact great business for the faithful in Philadelphia, hast thou done it.

Y. Sad. Nay.

O. Sad. Hast thou been among the merchants, or among the sugar bakers, or among the tobacco sellers.

Y. Sad. Nay.

O. Sad. But thou hast been among the silk worms, and the hair powderers, and the horse breakers, wine bibers and haberdashers.

Y. Sad. Yea, I confess my iniquity.

O. Sad. 'Tis lucky for Reuben that thy daughter has a good fortune, for I'll cut him off with a shilling.

Chron. Will you! and do you think I'll give my daughter to such a reprobate as that!

O. Sad. Reprobate! what that holy lad.

Chron. The holy! look at him? why he's dress'd up now to go to one of the wickedest places in town, the villain ought to be tarr'd as well as feather'd.

O. Sad. Reuben, Renben thou art naught.

Y. Sad. Yea, but I will be good.

*Enter Dinah.*

O. Sad. Is that Dinah Primrose? I do repent my cruelty to the maiden; and as I know thou lovest my son, for thy sake I will forgive him.

Chron. Forgive him! will you give him your fortune!

O. Sad. Yea, I will.

Chron. Will you!—Dinah come here. (*Gives her to Y. Sadboy.*)—This son of your's is as good a lad as ever wore a beaver.—

Y. Sad. Ay, and as happy—thus possess'd of love and beauty, plantation to puff away care, and sugar to sweet-

en life—Look'e, father, a taste of the pleasure of dear London, has taught me to distinguish between levity and dullness: the Quaker and Rake shall qualify each other.—My future conduct shall appear like the lucid liquor, between froth and sediment.—Sadness is a folly, and to be wise is to be merry.

*Chron.* Well, since you are restor'd to your father's favour you're welcome to, while you have fields of tobacco, and droves of negroes to hoe it.

*Y. Sad.* Then I hold half your favours upon a loose tenure; and on my return to America, every slave of mine shall be as free as the air he breaths: while liberty is the glory of an Englishman, let us cease to make a sordid traffic of our fellow creatures: and the world knows all my brethren are of the same opinion.

*Enter Ambush, Lady Rounceval and Araminta.*

*Ara.* (*Looking at Dinah.*) Yes, this must be the Quaker girl, that Pink told me she saw at your lodgings.

*Amb.* Sadboy, I hear I'm to wish you joy on a double score.—Sir, you are welcome to England.—(*to Old Sad.*)

—Madam, I congratulate my friend Reuben on his approaching union with a young lady so deserving: and my friend Chronicle on the recovery of a daughter, who, from her merit must contribute to his honour and happiness.

*Chron.* Ay, my lord, you wish me joy, and then you take the means from me.—But, miss Araminta, tell me why you prefer his lordship to me!

*Ara.* Two simple reasons, Sir: I don't like you, and I love him.

*L. Roun.* Mr Chronicle, I ask you a thousand pardons: but lord Belville was so ardent, and so sudden in his Passion.

*Ara.* Dear mama, not so sudden: you are in a trifling error as to the date of its existence.

*Amb.* True indeed, madam, for by giving your daughter to me, poor Godfrey becomes your son-in-law.—

*L. Roun.* What are you the soldier for the ladies, that my daughter was always singing about.

*Ara.* The very same mama.—“A soldier he is for the ladies.” (*sings.*)

*Chron.* Well, Lords, Ladies, Quakers and Lieutenants, I wish you all joy! and ecod, I'll give an entertainment that shall astonish every body.

*Y. Sad.* Yes if its good you will astonish every body indeed! Reflect by thy avarice, thou did'st abandon thy only child, to danger and destruction.

*Din.* And but for my dearest Reuben that rescued me from the hands of a villain, I should have been an object of pity, perhaps contempt.

*Chron.* Well, if I was not at this moment very glad for what I am, I should be very sorry for what I have been.

*Y. Sad.* Right, father-in-law, I should be glad to see thee reclaim'd of avarice, as I am of prodigality: for a miser of all bad beings is the worst: a miser is an enemy to mankind; for how can he feel for others who is ever cruel to himself: his breast is steel'd against humanity: his heart knows no mirth, nor does the tear of sensibility bedew his cheek: gold, that's a blessing to others, to him doth prove a curse; care torments him, and he has no comforter. For as he never did good to any, the soft tie of gratitude has never gain'd him a friend.

*Chron.* Ecod, that's a good sermon, and has cost me nothing.

*Y. Sad.* And now, my Dinah, what have you to say to our felicity.

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*Din.* I will tell thee, my Reuben, and this good company,  
 No more nam'd Primrose, I'm my Reuben's wife  
 And Dinah Sadboy I am call'd for life,  
 There will I rest tho' alter'd in my name  
 My faith and manners shall remain the same:  
 Still shall my cheek show *Nature's* white and red,  
 No cap shall rise like steeple from my head.—  
 Ye, who in marriage, wealth and grandeur seek,  
 Think what a blessing is a wife that's meek.  
 A help-mate true of heart, and full of love;  
 Such unto Reuben, Dinah means to prove.  
 My mind shall still be pure, my thoughts serene,  
 My habit simple, and my person clean:  
 No pomps, and vanities will I pursue  
 But love my home, and love my husband too.

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